

## ROSE HUNTER

*what is Costco*

this is not my familiar so it is not my strange.  
 i recall what you promised, a happy i thought  
 detachment on rollers, on pallets on concrete & painted  
*finds*. the common goal, you say:

*products* (your Cheshire smile, i fear  
*it's not a joke:* *buying clout* or (buying  
 clouds); carts of nimbo cumulus, cumulonimbus  
 calvus & capillatus, terra

incognita i am struck  
 beneath airship hangar ceiling with stage lights  
 receding to the theoretical  
 the warehouse shelving, the rough/shiny floors  
 the illumination: for worshipping or

repentance? the stack as sign:  
 plenitude: amid these spare crowded acres  
 utterly immersed you fade away

the ridgelines of televisions, the blender blitz, the wall-  
 paper rolls of gift wrap, the cheese ingots & mayonnaise  
 buckets opposite the wisdom  
 of stuffed owls i come to

repeating (what i assumed) our disqualification mantra:  
*we are just two.* no one

cares! i feel all uphill. i blow a whistle (i  
 entered this orgy/tank/maze willingly, sort of

to please you that's the same? or  
 to see what we are more-driven &  
 seeking burial under packets  
 a big toe protruding

a nose?) next to the paint cans of mixed nuts  
 i set out to find you back. i think you should be  
 hard to miss but find only

stainless steel with decorative lids  
 paddlings of toilet ducks & murders of memories of real  
 nourishment & need [c]old (& not only in the  
 meat section) cured tenderized smoked

**Rose Hunter**'s book of poetry, *glass*, was published by Five Islands Press (2017). From Brisbane, she lived in Canada for ten years and Mexico for almost as long. More information about her can be found at [rosehunterwriting.com](http://rosehunterwriting.com), and she tweets @BentWindowBooks, a chapbook publisher of poetry and hybrid forms.